Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God give you joy ; what are you both pleased ?
Thai. Yes, if you love me sir.
Per. Even as my life, or bloud that fosters it.
King. What are you both agreed ?
Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the orē-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast :
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole ;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth :
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoyces : she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*.

Fame

Fame answering the most st
To'th Court of King *Symon*
Are letters brought, the ten
Antiochus and his daughter'
The men of *Tyrus*, on the
Of *Hellicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but h
The mutany, he there haste
Sayes to them, if King *Peri*
Come not home in twice six
He obedient to their doome
Will take the Crowne : th
Brought hither to *Pentapol*
Irony shed the Regions rou
And every on with claps ca
Our heyre apparant is a Ki
Who dreampt ? who thou
Briefe, he must hence depa
His Queene with childe, n
Which who shall crosse al
Omit we all their dole and
Lychorida her Nurse she t
And so to sea ; then vessell
On *Neptunes* billow, half
Hath their Keele cut : but
Varies againe, the grisle
Disgorges such a tempest
That as a Ducke for life th
So up and downe the poor
The Lady shreekes, and v
Doth fall in travaile with
And what ensues in this se
Shall for it selfe, it selfe pe
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest con
Which might not ? what
In your imagination hold

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k